

The Pensacola Journal

Published from 1899 to 1918 under the
Editorship and Management of
COL. FRANK L. MAYES
DAILY, WEEKLY AND SUNDAY
Journal Publishing Company
LOUIS E. MAYES, President and General
Manager
HOWARD LEE MAYES, Secretary and
Treasurer

MEMBER
Associated Press
Audit Bureau of Circulation
American Newspaper Publishers' Ass'n
Florida Press Association
Southern Newspaper Publishers' Ass'n

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One Week, Daily and Sunday, \$1.25
One Month, Daily and Sunday, \$12.50
Three Months, Daily and Sunday, \$37.50
Six Months, Daily and Sunday, \$72.50
One Year, Daily and Sunday, \$137.50
Weekly, \$7.50
Sunday, \$1.50
All subscriptions are payable in advance.

The Associated Press is exclusively en-
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Entered as second class matter at the
postoffice in Pensacola, Florida.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED
ON APPLICATION

Washington Bureau
George H. Manning, Manager
Washington, D. C.
Represented in the General Advertising
Field by
CONE, HUNTON & WOODMAN, INC.
New York, Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City,
Atlanta.

OFFICE: JOURNAL BUILDING
Corner International and Delmas
TELEPHONE: 360
Business: 360
Advertising: 48
Editorial Rooms: 38

It's easy for bowlegged girls to be
modest.

Opportunity doesn't give a rap if you
are asleep.

A girl's hair loses its charm when
it gets into the gray.

Mighty few men can resist using a
lead dime in a slot machine.

God's way of making a woman's fig-
ure never seems to suit her.

A man who is always making ex-
cuses hasn't time to make a success.

The young lady next door says that
some people who think they have ar-
rived have only reached the place
where they get off.

That surgical subject who played his
harmonies instead of taking an anes-
thetic ought to have had more consid-
eration for the operators.

It's getting to be so there is more
contention in a divorce suit over the
custody of the flivver than over the
disposition of the children.

The "discovery" that poison gas is a
humane weapon will bring small com-
fort to those who are dying of tuber-
culosis as a result of its use.

Women, since their complete eman-
cipation, seem to have risen to that
pinnacle of culture which men long
monopolized around the roped arena.

Addressing the "Allied Medical As-
sociation," a doctor puts the proper
term of life at 150 years. This may
be followed by the placing of a new
elixir on the market.

Vocalists may take courage from the
success of the two senators from the
state of Maine who successfully sang
an increase of ten cents protective
duty on the tariff on Irish potatoes.
That was sweet music to the potato
growers of Aristocrat county.

Every man's life will soon be an open
book whether he wills it, if the latest
radio invention lives up to its reputa-
tion of being able to listen in on any
"phone conversation." Possibly this will
serve to shorten the "pink tea" con-
versations that monopolize so much of
our time over the "phone at certain
hours of the day.

THE MILKMAID.
Across the grass I see her pass;
She comes with tripping pace—
A maid I know—and March winds
blow
Her hair across her face—
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine,
Before the spray is white with
May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

The March winds blow. I watch her go:
Her eye is brown and clear;
Her cheek is brown, and soft as down,
(To those who see it near!)
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine,
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

What has she not that those have got—
The daisies that walk in silk!
If she undo her kerchief blue,
Her neck is white as milk.
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine,
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

Let those who will be proud and chill!
For me, from June to June,
My Dolly's words are sweet as curds—
Her laugh is like a tune;
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine,
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

Break, break to her, O crocus-spear!
O tall Lent-lilies flame!
There'll be a bride at Easter tide,
And Dolly is her name.
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine,
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.
—Austin Dobson.

REPUBLICANS "EXPLAINING" MAINE LOSSES.

Third congressional district of
Maine: November, 1920, republican
majority, 19,000; March, 1922, republi-
can majority, 6,000.
As Chairman Cordell Hull of the
democratic national committee says:
"Results speak for themselves. Rep-
ublicans, of course, will now proceed
to do the explaining."

Before the election in the Third dis-
trict of Maine, republicans declared
that the election would be a test of
President Hardin's administration. The
democrats are willing to let it go at
that.

Those republican managers and
leaders who are pretending that the
results in the Third Maine district are
an enthusiastic endorsement of their
administration should read this ap-
proval of the New York Herald, a re-
publican paper, which isn't led by the
nose and does its own thinking:

"The triumph of the republican can-
didate for congress, John E. Nelson, in
the third Maine district Monday over
Ernest L. McLean, the democratic
candidate, is not a thing to make re-
publicans throughout the country feel
that they have a walkover in the con-
gress elections this fall. Considered all
in all, the result of this Maine election
is not a safe indication of what will
happen this fall in the congress elec-
tions."

That great independent newspaper,
the New York Times, points out that
the Maine republicans were not very
enthusiastic about endorsing the ad-
ministration. It says:

"The republicans are sorely in need
of cheering omens and a little encour-
agement. Here was their chance. They
didn't take it. The republican voters
of the five counties that compose the
Third district were singularly 'apath-
etic,' to say the least. Many a republi-
can district will be carried by the
wicked democrats next fall if republi-
can majorities and pluralities of 1920
are to be cut after the manner of the
Third Maine district."

The republicans profess to be pleased
with the result, but it is the republi-
cans who are doing the explaining.

MODERN EDUCATIONAL IDEAS GIVEN BY SOLONS.

Representative Simon D. Fess, Ohio,
head of the historical department of
Ohio Northern university, says there is
a superabundance of teachers for the
advanced subjects, but few capable in-
structors for the elementary grades.
These wave lengths vary in
present practice from approximately
200 feet up to 20 miles. By mechanical
means too complicated for description
men have been able to "tune"
their receiving instruments so that
they will detect only the other waves
that are 600 foot long or 1,500 foot long
or 2 miles long, or whatever other
length they may choose for the mo-
ment. By this tuning process, the
"wireless" becomes deaf to all
other waves, even though myriads of
other waves are at the same time dis-
turbance space. It is a result of this
power of selection that great stations,
like the new one at Port Jefferson,
Long Island, can send out its mes-
sages.

"It should be borne in mind by ev-
eryone that the education obtained in
the public school is more important
than that of the university and it
should necessarily follow that the pub-
lic schools should be brought up to the
very highest possible standard. In no
other way can the nation expect of
produce thoroughly educated men and
women."

Federal Commissioner of Education
Tigert believes that the motion picture
has educational possibilities as yet
hardly realized, and that the schools
of the future will make great use of
this modern invention in conveying in-
formation to young minds in such a
manner that it will remain there.

The problem of developing motion
pictures for educational purposes is
mainly commercial, Dr. Tigert believes.
A program is needed whereby pro-
ducers and educators can get together
and make motion pictures pedagogi-
cally useful and present them accord-
ing to best recognized educational
methods. Dr. Tigert expressed the
opinion that many subjects could be
presented better with motion pictures.
He has attempted to get funds from
congress to advance visual education,
but, says he, "congress is not visual
minded." He proposes using motion
pictures for Americanization purposes.

"CARPENTIER MAY NEVER FIGHT AGAIN."

Dispatches from Paris announce that
Carpentier, the French fighter who
met Dempsey in the United States last
July, will probably never be himself
again.

"The boy does not realize the shape
he is in," one of his doctors is reported
to have said. His trouble is attributed
chiefly to "the terrific pounding" he
received in Jersey City last summer.
Any one who has seen the motion
pictures of the Carpentier-Dempsey
fight will not be surprised at this an-
nouncement. Constantly during the
fight Dempsey's arm flashes up and
down over his opponent's kidneys. The
kind of punishment the defeated man
received in that battle is the kind that
shortens life by years and leaves
broken health while life remains.

Boxing is one thing—prize fighting
is another. And for sheer brutality
prize fighting as conducted in the United
States at the present time is hard to
equal.

ASTOUNDING FEAT BY FOX NEWS CAMERAMAN.

Regarded as one of the greatest
camera feats of the age was the pho-
tographing of Mt. Popocatepetl by the
Fox News cameraman, W. S. Heltzen,
who, piloted by Senor Rojas, Mexico's
crack aviator, was able to obtain the
first air pictures of the world's highest
active volcano. From a height of 17,843
feet over a burning mountain many
miles from civilization and surrounded
by great clouds of sulphur gas, Heltzen
secured close-up pictures of the vol-
cano and then made a dazed dash
in the crater.

In the picture appears the clear
close-ups of the crater, half a mile
wide, the sensational, unmistakable
loop into the seething abyss, the defi-
ance of death for the sake of bringing
Fox News enthusiasts the first motion
pictures ever made of Mexico's "Sleep-
ing Hell."

Some men try to be funny while
others are just jokes. Yes, we know
what our critics will say about that,
so they need not waste the postage by
writing.

JUST KIDS—Graduating From Kid Day!

By Ad Carter



Possibilities in Wireless

The great variety of wave lengths
that can be used in wireless is what
gives it vast possibilities for useful-
ness. These wave lengths vary in
present practice from approximately
200 feet up to 20 miles. By mechanical
means too complicated for description
men have been able to "tune"
their receiving instruments so that
they will detect only the other waves
that are 600 foot long or 1,500 foot long
or 2 miles long, or whatever other
length they may choose for the mo-
ment. By this tuning process, the
"wireless" becomes deaf to all
other waves, even though myriads of
other waves are at the same time dis-
turbance space. It is a result of this
power of selection that great stations,
like the new one at Port Jefferson,
Long Island, can send out its mes-
sages.

in long wave lengths that can be heard
around the world, without interfering
with the amateurs in Brooklyn who
want to talk on very short wave
lengths to New York. This art of se-
lective receiving has been perfected
only to a limited extent. No means
has been devised for separating wave
lengths of 200 feet from wave-lengths
of 201 feet. But it is possible to dis-
tinguish waves of 200 feet from waves
of 202 feet—in other words, differences
in length of 1 per cent or greater can
be detected and waves of this length
excluded. As the wave lengths increase
in size, these perceptible gaps become
larger—for example, a station sending
out waves of 10,000 feet length would
interfere with other stations sending
waves of more than 9,900 or less than
10,100.—French Strother in the World's
Work for April.

"Cash down" is a fine motto, but a
bad way for it to be.

How Coal Could Be Saved

Considerably more than one quarter
of all the coal mined in the United
States is consumed in the fireboxes of
the locomotives operating on our steam
railroads. It takes approximately 7
pounds of coal to generate the equiv-
alent of 1 kilowatt-hour of electric cur-
rent when burned in a modern locomo-
tive, whereas, the same amount of
power can be produced in a well-de-
signed power house with a consump-
tion of only 2.4 pounds of coal. It is
evident, therefore, that if we were to
electrify all of our railroads, we would
reduce the fuel bills of these transpor-
tation lines about 64 per cent. In-
stead of consuming more than one
fourth of all the coal produced in the
United States each year, the nation's
carriers would then consume less than
one-tenth of our annual coal output.

The Boys and Girls Journal

Copyright, 1922, Associated Editors SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 1, 1922. VOL I—NO. 44

In The Pirates' Cave

THE RED BALL GHOST

T THE LAST
meeting of the
Pirate Six, Squee
Mather, our chief,
gets up and says:
"Fellers, a couple
of meetings ago
Herb Woods here
told us a ghost
story. Now, I
know a good one
an' I want to tell
it."

"Go ahead,"
says all of us, being
sore for ghost
stories, so Squee starts in.

"About thirty years ago, when dad
was a young feller he lived down in a
little town in Illinois, and in the mid-
dle of the river, about two miles from
this town was a place called Diamond
Island."

The Mysterious Fire Ball
"Diamond Island was haunted—and
still is, if it's there any more. Every
night about midnight a big ball of
fire was to be seen floating in the air
at one end of the island."

"Nobody could imagine what caused
the ball of fire. When the story about it
first came out, most of the people in
the little town said it was all bunk.
But when some of the dependable
citizens went and saw the light for
themselves, the whole town began to
believe there really was something
spooky about Diamond Island."

"One dark night dad and a half
dozen other young fellers from the
village decided they'd get that ghost
or whatever it was, if it was possi-
ble. The bunch armed themselves
with clubs and knives and shot guns,
and set out for Diamond Island."

"They rowed over to the haunted
island, pulled their boat up on the
shore near the spot where the ball
of fire was believed to always make
its appearance, and then ducked be-
hind some bushes close by to wait
for something to happen."

"Suddenly, not more than twenty
yards from the bushes, the fellers saw
the big red ball of fire shoot up out
of the river and light up the whole
island near where they were. She
went up slowly till she was about a
hundred feet in the air, and then
quick as a wink she disappeared."

"Well, dad and his gang had got
enough—too much. They all tore out
of the bushes and made a bee-line
for their row boat."

There was the big red ball again—and
it was sitting in the row boat, riding
smoothly along the water!

"And as the fellers watched the ball
of fire slowly took the shape of a
man, and they could see him dipping
his ears into the water and pulling
on them strong and even. He wore
a slouch hat with a wide brim and dad
says it was pulled away down on his
face."

"The boat reached the middle of the
stream. Then, just as suddenly as
they had seen the ball change to a
man's figure, the man changed back
into the red ball. Immediately the
ball started rising up out of the boat
and into the air. When it was about
as high as the tallest tree on the is-
land it disappeared."

"The fellers were scared stiff as
herrings. They set up a holler for
help. Their yells woke up a fisher-
man on the other side of the river
and he pulled across in a boat and
hauled the fellers back to town."

"That was the last time, dad says,
anybody ever tried to hunt the red
ball ghost."

Squee sat down.
We all were a little startled at the
story, so for a minute nobody said
anything. Then I speaks up and
says, 'Well, what caused this here
ball of fire?'

"Nobody knows," says Squee. "I
asked dad the same question, and he
said he didn't know. The best they
can figure out is this. A few years
before a murder had been committed
on the island. The superstitious
people figure that maybe the red ball
of fire is the haunts."

—AL STUBBS,
Scribe of the Pirate Six.



ONE REEL YARNS

THE APRIL FOOL

"There's a great big elephant, and
he's going down the street. Come
look!" shouted little Bessie when Hor-
ace came sleepily down the stairs.

Horace grinned. "I guess I'm wise
that this is April Fool," he said. "No,
one is going to put anything over on
me."

"Oh, Horace, you've dropped your
napkin," said mother.

"April Fool, huh?" said Horace.
"You'll have to try something better
than that."

So Horace went off to school without
any of the family getting a chance to
call out "April Fool." All day he was
on his guard. No one got near enough
to pin a "kick me" sign on his back;
no one got a chance to offer him nice-
looking candy which had a center of
soap or wood; no one got to jerk a
pocketbook from under his eager fin-
gers. He was wise.

He was too busy watching out to
play jokes on any one else. So the
bunch of merry-makers left him alone,
and gave up trying to catch him in a
trap.

"Well," said Horace with a yawn, as
he started up stairs to bed, "this has
been some day. I've sure been on the
lookout, and not a single person has
had a chance to fool me this time. I
call that some record."

"Oh, you do," said his mother, with
a funny little smile. "It seems to me
you've fooled yourself worse than ever
before. For one thing, you've failed to
get in the spirit of this day of merriment.
But that isn't all. You wouldn't go
in the pantry to get some doughnuts.
But they were really there. You didn't get
any of Sister's lovely ruffs, because you were suspi-
cious. You got a low grade in arith-
metical for leaving your problems home.
I called after you, but you were afraid
of being 'caught.' And you didn't go
over to Phil's house to his April Fool
party. You were too wise. They did
have a party, and his mother called up
a while ago to see if you were sick.
She was sorry you didn't come, be-
cause they had home-made ice cream.
Good night, dear, and April Fool!"

TO-DAY'S PUZZLE

Curtail a plane surface and leave
a verb; curtail to plug and leave a
hat; curtail a field plant and leave a
spice; curtail the second part of the
name of a scouring soap and leave
a form of "to be"; curtail a desert
animal and leave a verb. The let-
ters curtailed spell a month.

Answer to yesterday's: Boy, hay,
may, man.
Answer to to-day's: Are a-z; tam-
p; clove-r; bon am-i; came-l; The
letters spell "April."

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

ADELE GARRISON

What Midge Did to Mark the Spy.

Never in my life has there come to
me such a grilling test of my own
courage and steadfastness of purpose
as I endured after taking my station
behind the door leading from Lillian
Underwood's library into the closet ad-
joining it.

It seemed hours although in reality
it was but two or three minutes that I
stood there listening to the sounds of
the saw in the hands of the unknown
marauder on the other side of the door,
and watching with fascinated, terri-
fied eyes the slapping in and out of the
implement through the wood of the
panel.

In my hand I held the uncorked bot-
tle of carbolic acid I had found in Lil-
lian's cabinet. It was poised so that in
a second I could empty its contents
over the hand which I knew would be
stretched through the door to push
back the heavy bolts as soon as the
man had finished making the aperture
through which his hand could be thrust.

But to my own shamed dismay I
wasn't sure when the crucial moment
came I would have the courage to do
the thing I had planned. I had read
of the terrible effects of carbolic acid.
Once a drop had fallen on my own
hand when I was using the stuff di-
luted in cleaning. I could still feel the
agony it had caused me, although I
had been near swift remedies.

It seemed such a hideous, barbaric
punishment to inflict upon anyone,
even so desperate a marauder as the
man on the other side of the door. I
lowered the bottle with the wild idea
of putting it away and trying to grasp
and hold the man's hand when he
should thrust it through the door.

Then there flashed into my brain a
vision of Lillian's face as it would look
when I told her, as I must, of my cow-
ardice. I had no right to falter, no mat-
ter how distasteful to myself the task
was. If it had been but an ordinary at-
tempted robbery I should never have
dreamed, nor would Lillian herself
have approved of such strenuous
measures.

But this man was endangering se-
crets affecting the welfare of our coun-
try. He himself was the vilest sort
of traitor or he never would have been
able to obtain access to the room upon
the other side of the closet, the room
to which only trusted agents of the se-
cret service were admitted. It was ab-
solutely necessary that he be identi-
fied, marked in some way that he
could not disguise. The only effective
method of doing it which I could em-
ploy was already in my hand. There

was nothing for me to do but to
out my first plan.
I nerved myself to the task. I
would have done for a walk to the
scaffold, and I do not believe one
would have much more terror for me
than the other. With the bottle held
above the aperture, I waited until the
piece of wood which, evidently taking
into his hands on the other side of the
door, for I heard no sign of its fall-
ing, I could hear the sound of some-
one breathing rather heavily, and guess-
ing that the workman was kneeling in-
side the room. I pressed my disengaged
finger over my mouth and nose to prevent
the sound of my own breathing be-
ing heard, and waited with every in-
creasing horror for my unseen ad-
versary to come to the end of his in-
tention.

At last the hand appeared, bold
now, that its owner had satisfied him-
self there was no one in the room. It
was a large hand with stumpy, thick
fingers, which, however, were extraor-
dinarily dexterous as they found their
beginning to finger the bolts of the
door. I purposely waited until those
fingers were closed about the bolts. Then
I tilted the bottle, and the entire con-
tents of it poured in a torturing, gas-
tifying stream over the hand and the
fingers.

An explosive oath, which was almost
a shriek of agony, accompanied the
jerking back of the injured hand. There
was a silence for a moment, and then
I heard the stealthy sound of footsteps
and an almost imperceptible noise
which I identified as the drawing back
of the secret panel leading from the
closet adjoining Lillian's library to the
one opening off the costume room to
the house next door.

With my senses sharpened I visu-
alized what must have happened on the
other side of the door. The spy, the
man whom betrayal was the one thing to
fear, had forced his voice to silence
after that one agonized oath. He had
put the injured hand into a glove, and
covering of some sort, regardless of
the agony he was suffering, and had
made his way in a careless appear-
ance to the street.

There was one bit of evidence which
I knew would be valuable when Lil-
lian should finally succeed in having the
man with the scarred hand traced. It
was one of my own birth or language. I
was sure had knowingly been admitted
to the house next door.

Yet the oath which had sprung
from the lips of this man under torture
was evidently one of his native tongue.
Agonized accents still rang in my ears.
"Verdammt!"

Floyd W. Parsons in the World's Work
for April.

Dobson—Who interrupted your
Topics of the Day Films.

Broadcasting Jolly Jokes

Radio entertainment is all the vogue
since the perfecting of broadcasting
apparatus and amplified receiving in-
struments. Programs of diverse na-
ture are daily and nightly "cast" into
the air to be "caught" by professional
and amateur enthusiasts alike. Broad-
way stars are putting on their com-
plete productions at the big broad-
casting stations. Statesmen and elocu-
tionists are reciting at KDKA or WGL.
Comedians joke at KVV or WJZ
and laugh to millions in all direc-
tions. This is not the first or only
time that jokes have been sent broad-
cast in our land of the free, brave and
jolly. Now, and for over three years
past, the latest jokes and quips of the
world's wisest wits have been shown
broadcast throughout the U. S. A., via
the movie screen in "Topics of the
Day" Films. And these screen laughs
may be enjoyed by millions who do not
possess radio equipment. The radio-
phone is a wonderful invention but
you need only to use your eyes to
"catch" these jokes PDQ.

Justified.
Miss Flap—She swears that no
young man's lips have ever touched
hers.

Miss Flip—Well, that's enough to
make any girl swear, I think.—New
York Sun.

Profiteer.
"Willie, can't you be quiet for a bit?"
"No, ma; two-bits is my lowest fig-
ure."—Boston Transcript.

Over Exposure.
Ray—I just adore the way your
roommate dresses.

May—Oh, dear! Has she been leav-
ing her window shades up again?—
Topics of the Day Films.

Awgwan.
"Awful accident in the train today,"
reported Willie.

"What was it?"
"A woman had her eye on a seat and
a man sat on it!"—Westfield (N. J.)
Leader.

Why, of Course.
Teacher—What was the Sherman
act?

Tommy—Marching through Georgia.
—Saturday Evening Post.

Cents Less.
Sweet Young Thing—I can't marry
you. You are penniless.

Young Fellow—That's nothing, the
Czar of Russia was Nicholas.—Vaude-
ville News.

So Obliging.
"Did you telephone the plumber that
the hot water pipes are leaking?"
"Yes, my dear."

"What did he say?"
"He said he'd put us on his waiting
list."—New York Sun.

Apropos Answer.
Teacher—Willie, what is a cubic
yard?

Willie—I don't know for sure, but it
must be a yard that them Cuban kids
play in.—New York American.

Bad Job.
Hobson—Sir, I am a self-made man.

Are Fish Able to "Think?"

Sportsmen, and even the hard-
core fishermen, bear witness that fish
possess some intelligence, citing the
marked increase of wariness in war-
time that have been fished over the
Young trout under the circumstances
are less wary than the old ones. The
carp, according to Kirby's book on
fishes, thrusts itself into the mud
under the net when the net is pulled
and if the bottom is stony makes
leaps to clear the net.

It has been said that fish that
have been kept for many years in a
bowl of the Tuilleries come when called
name, but it is of course the sound
of the voice and not the articulate
words to which they respond. In dem-
onstrations of this kind, the fish are
trout and carp are summoned to be
fed by the sound of a bell.

A small perch's nest of young was
disturbed one day, and upon the
day the fish and young were seen
for in vain. Upon further investiga-